

12-18-1942

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-12-18

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## *Fly Paper* "STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

DECEMBER 18, 1942

NO. 9

## Nate E. Reece, Jr., Assistant to Leonard J. Povey, Chose Aviation Following Journalistic Career

by Gerry C. Reece

When Nate E. Reece, Jr., joined the staff of Riddle Aeronautical Institute at Carlstrom Field as Capt. Leonard J. Povey's assistant about a year and a half ago, the deal had one unusual element.

There's an axiom, "Once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man"; but it did not hold in this case.

He entered his new job after more than ten years with the *Arcadian*, chiefly as advertising manager but getting considerable experience in all departments—executive, editorial, business, and mechanical. He had fully earned the title of "all around newspaper man".

### Carlstrom In The Making

However, in his position on the paper and also as a member of Arcadia's City Council, he was closely associated with the organization and establishment of Carlstrom Field.

He took an important part in clearing up the manifold details connected with securing the necessary land for buildings, etc., and setting up the necessary framework of preparation for opening the institution.

Out of this early acquaintance with Mr. Riddle, Len Povey, Jack McKay, and the other leaders in the new enterprise, came the later invitation to join the staff.

### University of Florida Man

Nate Reece, Jr., is a native of central Kansas, his birth place being the town of Stafford and the date December 18, 1906. He was graduated from High School in due time, then attended Kansas University until the family home was moved to Florida. There he attended the University of Florida. He is a member of the National Honor Society and Pi Kappa Alpha.

His first business experience was the management of a confectionery shop in Arcadia during Florida's great real estate activity. After a year or so of operation, this was sold.



Nate E. Reece, Jr., Assistant to the Vice-President in Charge of all Flying Operations

Upon disposing of his first business effort, Nate confessed to an ambition to try to break into the movies. In his high school and college career, he had won considerable acclaim through participation in amateur theatricals and believed he would like to try for the screen.

### Screen Career Forsaken

After spending a little more than 2 years cultivating casting directors at New York studios, the effort to become a star did not seem very promising and was abandoned, but not until he had drawn minor parts in screen plays with Clive Brook, Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, and others.

Later the subject of this sketch entered newspaper work in earnest and "batted the

ball" for a little over a decade. He practically grew up in a newspaper office, and his first job, at the age of ten years, was a newspaper route.

### Just A Mite . . .

This member of the large and growing Embry-Riddle "family" is a mite over six feet high and tips the scale at about 180 pounds.

The reader is at liberty to form his own conclusion, from the accompanying portrait, as to whether the picture industry did not make a mistake in grabbing this young man and making a star of him when it had the chance.

Yes—he is married and has a nine year old daughter.



# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by  
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida  
H. ROSCOE BRINTON, General Manager

\* \* \*

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida  
GORDON MOUGEY, General Manager

\* \* \*

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INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE  
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T. E. FRANZ, General Manager

\* \* \*

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE  
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\* \* \*

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CHARLES C. EBBETS, Staff Photographer

# Letters to the Editor

December 14, 1942

Dear Editor:

Several weeks ago you announced in the Fly Paper that Christmas cards would be on sale in the Canteen. Someone told me that they will be "knock-outs", so I don't want to buy the usual run of the mill.

Far be it from me to complain, but Uncle Sam requested that we get our cards off to the North by the fifteenth! Also, I don't want to lose faith in the Fly Paper as a source of reliable information.

Come, come, where are those cards?

Techite

*Editor's Note: Sorry, Techite, but those cards should be on sale in the Canteens at every Division before the ink is dry on this edition. Don't weaken—wait—the cards are superb.*

December 14, 1942

Dear Editor:

I have a complaint! A legitimate, whole-hearted complaint! And doggone it, I want it printed! My complaint is logical, and, I think, rather universal in the Company. It is simply this . . . Those Badges.

After seeing the cartoon in the Fly Paper last week, I tried my best to work my face into the position and expression that is registered on my badge. All was in vain. The Guards still won't believe it's me.

Worse yet, my clothes are beginning to look like they all have net blouses, from the pin holes I get from wearing it.

In the name of all suffering Embry-Riddle-ites, and Justice, please, please Dear Editor, can't something be done before all our faces are lined and worn thin trying to look like our pictures?

Hopefully,

"A Fellow Sufferer"

*Editor's Note: True, true Fellow Sufferer, but there's a War on. Also, you need not look far for consolation—the badge on the chap next to you is worse. Poor Ebbets and Ruhnke.*

Dear Editor:

I wish to register my vote of thanks for the splendid job Don and Lloyd Budge, assisted by their charming secretary, have done in organizing such an interesting athletic schedule for the gals of Embry-Riddle.

Bowling, badminton, and basketball are already under way and have drawn a number of the girls out to participate.

So if it's exercise you crave, or preserving that "school girl figger", come on out. You'll enjoy it!

A Techite

*Editor's Note: Right you are, Techite. Exercise is one of the best antidotes for war time physical and mental strain.*

Atlanta, Georgia  
November 25, 1942

Dear Editor:

I guess you were wondering when you were going to hear from me. Well, I'm in the Army now and am proud of it.

I am training in Radio Code here at Fort McPherson, and I should very much appreciate receiving the Fly Paper weekly.

I should love to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Bob Lipkin

*Editor's Note: Bob Lipkin, as many of you will remember, was our Radio Department correspondent during his training here at the Tech School. It's swell to hear from you, Bob, and we trust that you'll write more often and in more detail.*

San Diego, California  
December 8, 1942

Dear Mr. Blakeley:

Just a few lines as I'm thinking of Florida.

I am enclosing a picture of two of the Inter-American Cadets. I thought that you would be interested in knowing that the program receives considerable publicity out here.

Lately, the San Diego papers have shown several shots of them.

By the time you receive this, I will be officially out of "boot camp". Our platoon is breaking up tomorrow. It certainly has been a tough seven weeks, but it has been well worth it.

I have made Expert on the automatic pistol, semi-automatic rifle, and bayonet. I'm certainly proud to have done it.

Incidentally, I was high man in our platoon on the rifle. I shot 325 out of a possible 340.

As I know Mary will read this, I'll say hello to her now.

It's only a few minutes until taps—and I have a uniform to press and must pack my seabag.

I know everything is going well under your supervision. I look forward to the day when I'll see you again.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you and the school for the Fly Paper. It's really swell.

Please don't attempt to answer this. I'll be on my way before you could write.

I must close.

As ever,

C. W. "Johnny" Riddle

P.S.—Tell Mary I want her to keep busy.

*The above is a letter to James E. Blakeley, General Manager of the Technical Division at Miami, from our friend, Johnny Riddle, who traded us for the Marines along about August.*



# CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Jello, tis' Monday and yers truly is actually coming thru on time; for Wain refuses to write a habituary notice for Chapman, as if we'd ask her, as if!!!

To reconstruct eventful happenings of the week, might we recall the Victory Luncheon Tuesday at which time Charlie Stahler and Ad Thompson graciously and ceremoniously presented The Great Wilbur Sheffield with the \$100.00 War Bond purchased for the new heir to the Sheffield fortune by those affiliates of Chapman Field and Seaplane Base.

Tire rationing being what it is, Ruth Norton and Ad came via seaplane and landed on Riddle Pond, which borders the Field.

## Chipped Turkey

Mr. Hanson, our mighty chef, prepared chipped turkey no less, and Mrs. Jones supplemented with white table cloth and cut crystal. (See Bud, I wasn't kidding.)

Wilbur, in his inimitable way, invited us out to see just what we had invested in an invitation we all plan to accept.

To Whom It May Concern: Mac Lowry wishes all to know that contrary to popular belief, he is providing well for the needs of his family. That's not the wolf at his door, just a lonely C.P.T'er.

Roy Majors dashed back for a quick check-up of the southern war situation, which included among other things a cheerful chat with his honorable Flight Instructor of Secondary C.P.T., Bob Woodward.

## Praise the Lawd

Having weathered 11 weeks of Pre-Flight, he now goes along with the balance of the 'July Session C.P.T.' to Basic Flight Training. Praise the Lawd and Pass the Commissions.

With all apologies to the Budge brothers, Chapman had a prize-winning showing at the bowling alleys last Thursday.

Blue-ribbon Team One consisted of Mr. Gibbons, Theron Reddish, Tom Moxley, Bob Royce, and Chuck Helm.

Team Two consisted of such celebrities as Gen'l Mgr. Sterling Camdon, Tiny Davis, Gardner Royce, Gerry Cook, and Tom Jacobs.

## HOLIDAYS

All previously observed holidays, with the exception of Christmas Day, will be considered as regular working days at straight time pay for the duration of the War or until further notice.

Should any of the previously observed holidays be declared a holiday for defense workers by the Secretary of War, the Embry-Riddle Company will observe same.

Employees working in Utility Departments will be required to cover their posts as usual at straight time pay every day of the year despite observed holidays.

Three Bell Congratulation time for Kathie Loft and Marion Bertram who just received their Flight Instructor's Ratings. Also to Bob (won't you have a coke) Royce who is a new gadget flyer. Also, while we're in the mood, to Charlotte Kayser, a new addition to our Instructor roll.

## Like A Flower

Under the sympathetic, enthusiastic, and energetic guidance of Mr. Camdon, our "Skipper", Chapman is surely blossoming as doth a sunflower in the afternoon radiance. If only the blood bank doesn't run out of plasma.

Wonder what the penalty for impersonating a Buck Private is. No one knows, but Mr. "G" (much to his surprise) now gets in the movies for \$.25.

Touching on a welcoming note, may we say hello to Mrs. Betty Ford, Mr. Camdon's personal secretary and our battalion of Line Girls, Mary Sylvester, Nadine Sauls, Elinorea Quetgles, Lauris Mizello, and Bridget Kolczycki.

## Let's Dance, Chillin'

Hear ye! Hear ye! Come next Saturday. We want to see a mighty representation of Chapman Field Instructors, Students, and Office Force at the Coral Gables Country Club. Dining and dancing from eight till. Join the gang and have a good time.

Always faithful to our promises come rain, snow, or sleet, we bring you our pre-advertised personal interview with Bruce "Brutus" Hadley, Superintendent of Main-

tenance, the man behind the men behind the planes.

## Florida Born

He was born in Gainesville, Florida, and, at the tender age of 3 years, he moved to New York State. He received his A. & E. Mechanics License at Lincoln Aeronautical Institute, Lincoln, Neb. five years ago.

He was employed previously by Southwest Airmotive, Dallas, Tex.

## "One Swell Fellow"

He attended the University of Minnesota, and has been married for all of three years. Recently he became the very proud papa of a son, Rodger Bruce Hadley.

Cooperative in every way, he is termed by the general hangar and office personnel "one swell fellow".

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## SCRAP METAL CAMPAIGN

This week marks the first anniversary of our discontinuance of the use of new paper clips. By careful husbandry we have kept the influx of clips equal to the outgo. This means plenty of hoarding and rebending.

It is, of course, in connection with our private scrap-metal campaign that we are conserving clips, but it is also in line with our heart's desire—which is to prove that there are enough paper clips in the world just as things stand and that no new ones need ever be made.



Some of our old clips are lame in the joints, but we force them into shape and keep them flying. Every morning the mail brings us a few recruits, and sometimes our incoming basket fairly crawls with them, like a skull with maggots.

Once we were down to the last clip and wondered if the jig was up, but a poet came through with a long poem held together with enough metal to build a Garand rifle.

—(Courtesy of the NEW YORKER)

## EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19th

AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

DINNER AT EIGHT

\$1.50 PER PERSON \$3.00 PER COUPLE

DANCING FROM NINE

75¢ PER PERSON, \$1.50 PER COUPLE

Please Telephone the FLY PAPER for Table Reservations



# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

Frank Haynes, Photographer

Jimmy Glover, Writer

Cadets Kemper, Hardy, and Williams, Associates

Ken Stiverson

Alva Nelle Taylor

Dear Fly Paper Pals,

This week is Army Week as far as we Fly Paper enthusiasts at Embry-Riddle Field are concerned; so we'll try to write you a few lines about our officer personnel.

## Major James

First, there's Major Weldon M. James, 31, a native of Fort Worth, Texas, and a veteran of nine and one-half years in the United States Army Air Forces, who until recently was the Commanding Officer and Air Corps Supervisor here at Embry-Riddle Field.

He came here as a Captain from the Basic Flying School at Augusta, Ga., on June 1st; but since then he has been pro-



Lt. John N. Tolar, Public Relations Officer

moted to the rank of Major. He won his wings and was commissioned as a 2nd Lt. in February, 1934, at Kelly Field.

Major and Mrs. James have one child, a daughter, Charlotte Gay. We of the 67th express our appreciation to Major James for his fine work and spirit. We also wish him and his family the best of luck as he progresses in his new assignment in Greenwood, Miss.

## Captain Breeding

Succeeding Major James as Commanding Officer is Captain Charles Breeding, Assistant Air Corps Supervisor, who also has been stationed at this Field since its opening.

The Captain and Mrs. Breeding and their small daughter, Beverly, live in Union City. Captain Breeding is a native of Oklahoma City.

He entered the Air Corps as a flying Cadet in a Primary school at Tulsa, Okla., in November, 1939. He started basic training at Randolph Field in February, 1940, and won his wings and was commissioned a 2nd Lt. at Kelly Field on July 26, 1940.

After graduation, he went back to Randolph Field as an Instructor, serving in this capacity for one month, after which he was sent to Maxwell Field, Ala.

In January, 1941, he was transferred to Gunter Field, also at Montgomery, Ala., and in June of that year to Carlstrom Field at Arcadia, where he served as Assistant Supervisor of Flying.

He remained at Carlstrom until June, 1942, when he came to Embry-Riddle Field. He was promoted to 1st Lt. in November, 1941, and to his present rank on March 1, 1942.

## Captain Hoyt

Then there's Captain Edwin Hoyt, the Post Adjutant, a native of New Canaan, Conn., formerly of the AAFFTD at Camden, S. C. Captain Hoyt received his commission on May 21st last.

## Lieutenant Tolar

One to whom we owe a great deal of gratitude is Lt. John N. Tolar, who suffers each week reading this spasm sheet and putting his OK on it. Lt. Tolar, a former lawyer, is our Public Relations Officer.

He is a native of Orlando, Fla., is 30, and is married. For the past two years, before entering the Army, Lt. Tolar was special investigator for the Department of Agriculture. He attended Officers' Training School at Miami Beach and then spent a brief time at Maxwell Field before coming to Union City.

## Lieutenant Cockrell

Look who's coming! It's none other than the "Spider", Lt. Cockrell, Personnel Officer, who is a prominent person on this Post, especially on pay day.

Lt. Cockrell has had a lot of experience in the Army. From October, 1937, to January, 1940, he was in Honolulu, and from March, 1940, to May, 1942, he was in the Army War College at Washington, D. C.



Captain Edwin Hoyt, Post Adjutant, left, and Master Sergeant Dickinson, right

He attended Officers' Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Ga., and received his commission as 2nd Lt. on August 11, 1942. He reported at Embry-Riddle Field from Ft. McLellan, Ala.

## Lieutenants Murphy and Crawford

And then there's the "Spider's" shadow, none other than Lt. Fred E. Murphy, Flight Surgeon. Lt. Murphy received his commission direct from civilian life and was

stationed at Camp Wheeler in Macon, Ga., before going to Randolph Field.

From Randolph he went to Maxwell and then on to dear old 67th at Union City. With his wit and good nature, he is a friend to all on the Field.

The Assistant Flight Surgeon is Lt. Walter Crawford, a native of Tylertown, Miss. Lt. Crawford received his commission as 1st Lt. on June 22nd. He came to Union City from Greenville Basic Flying School in Mississippi. He is not married.

## Lieutenants Kleiderer and Church

We mention now Flight Lieutenants Eugene Kleiderer and J. W. Church. The former served in the Marine Corps from 1935 to 1939. He became an Aviation Cadet in 1941, taking his Primary at Helena, Ark., Basic at Greenville, Miss., and Advanced at Moultrie, Ga.

Lt. Church, a native of Barre, Mass., is 26 and unmarried, came to Union City from



Lt. H. B. Cockrell, Personnel Officer

the 16th Army Air Forces Glider Training Detachment at Janesville, Wis.

## Captain Brunette and Lieutenant Matheson

Now we see Lt. Don Matheson, who recently received his commission at Miami Beach and is now back "home" to take up his duties at Athletic Director. Before being commissioned, Lt. Matheson was a civil service physical director for the Army and was stationed here.

A happy officer on the Post is Captain Ralph H. Brunette, Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment. Captain Brunette is a native of Green Bay, Wisc. His varied experiences have found him holding various CCC and NYA positions.

After graduating from Officers' Training School at Miami, he was sent to Patterson Field, near Fairfield, Ohio, and from that Field he was transferred here. He and Mrs. Brunette are now residing in Union City.

## Lieutenant Semmes

And last but not least is the new Commandant of Cadets, Lt. Wm. H. Semmes, who came to us from Miami Beach where he served as Tactical Officer in the Army Air Forces Officers' Candidate School for several months.

Lt. and Mrs. Semmes and their infant daughter now live in Union City. Before entering the Army on active duty, he was employed by the Reynolds Alloys Company, following an extended period of time with the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Our comments on these men have been





General Army Office

brief, pals, and there are a lot more things we'd like to say about them, their work, etc., but we'll save some for another time.

And then there are the Sergeants and the enlisted men, and the girls working in the Army offices, but we can't take time and room to mention them all; so we'll just quit now and say, "Later".

#### Company News

Now, for a little of the Company news. But, wait a minute! I do remember seeing Sgt. Orson Moore leaving for Officers' Candidate School. He was with Engineering. We wish him all the success in the world and he deserves it.

About that company business. We'd like to put in a little unpaid-for ad for the PX Junior down in the hangar. You can get anything you want to eat there just as long as it is hamburgers, onions, and hot coffee. Come and get it!

We were rather amused at some of the Cadets, Melvin Carlton, J. B. Sellars, Bates, and Bonard of Maintenance, the other day when we had a rather decent snow. They reminded us of the little folks on Christmas morning after a visit from a jolly old fellow. Honestly, they looked at it, played with it, and—well, it was right amooozin'!

It seems that there is no trouble getting the Cadets to stand in line for solo ships now that girls have been employed as Dispatchers. No sirree! And they tell me Louise Cashon is getting notes from them right along. Well, well.

#### Prize

A new present of ten bucks is given to the Flight Dispatcher whose Flight finishes first. This has been endorsed recently and it is really something to work for. Let's see, hmmm, 15 times ???? that will buy a lot of dogs and mustard and onions.

Melvin's got a girl! Yep, that's right. Miss Helen Bond of Martin has been added to the Parachute Department; and Melvin Carlton, Parachute Rigger, seems well pleased, for she knows how to keep busy.

Well, the snow's melting; so if I'm going to play in this one anymore, I'll have to quit after a little Cadet gossip.

#### Cadet Chatter

Once again—this column is looking for news. Please, fellas, won't someone make some news besides "Ugly" Johnson. Bill Griffith did strain his shoulder.

Seen in Union City and around the spots are "Sandy" Davidoff and his beautiful blonde wife. Oh, boy—what any of us wouldn't give for a happy life like theirs.

All the boys lately have been calling Messrs. Ambrose and Abernathy "Money-bags". It is nice to be wealthy—eh!

Al Hogan's gal from Boston is really a treat for sore eyes. "The Bull" likes her as much as we do, too. Ask Charlie Kinsey any of the following questions and you always get the same answer.

"What's the most beautiful city in the United States? Which city has the largest number of airlines? What city has the best looking girls?" His answer—"Atlanta, Ga."

Tom Burke is still his same old self. He's one guy that everyone gets along with.

#### "Devil May Care"

Charlie Barnes and Jack Eastman are our nominees for the title of "Devil May Care". Life would be dull in the 67th without these two.

If Chet Harding doesn't watch out, he won't be "The Minute Man" anymore. Last to fall in for formations lately—any and all.

Well—if you have more troubles than we do, don't let us in on them. Tell them to the Chaplain. Or take the alternative and see "Spysmasher" Saturday night. It'll kill you!

#### VICTORY

by Pvt. "Flip" Banks  
Class 9-43-A-1

- V—is for victory  
We've got a good start.  
There's no doubt in our minds  
That we'll do our part.
- I—is for industry—  
We must "keep 'em flying".  
We will buy our war bonds  
And we'll keep right on buying.
- C—is for courage  
So brave and so true.  
Known well by Americans  
Like me and like you.
- T—is for time  
We have none to lose.  
We'll work hard every minute  
Until we get the good news.
- O—is for operations  
That our government plans.  
We'll use them to take over  
Our enemy's home lands.
- R—is for ready—  
That we'll always be.  
To beat the Nazis and Japs  
On land, in the air, and on sea.
- Y—is for youth  
So brave, free, and strong.  
**WE'LL WIN THIS DERN WAR,  
AND IT WON'T TAKE US LONG!**



NATURAL-BORN PILOT





## CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

At long last, it begins to appear that the much-festered thorn in the side of the Civilian Air Force Instructor—that painful subject of uniforms and insignias—is to be removed, at least in the realms of the Riddle family.

Last week, realizing the importance of such action in the face of more and more numerous "incidences", Len Povey, Vice-President in charge of all Flying Operations, took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and began a plan of action on his own hook.

This column is informed that insignias are being ordered immediately, and they are being manufactured under the design approved by the SEAAFTC.

### Recognition at Last

Barring unforeseen complications—and we must remember that "unforeseen complications" have arisen before—the Civilian Instructor will be furnished with his own insignia before many more days have passed, and he will be able to blossom forth with full recognition for the vital job he is doing.



Andy Minnichello, pictured here in full hunting regalia, is anxious to contact possible hunting companion. Applicant, if for a squirrel hunt, is merely required to bring along one case of long-rifle 22's. If applicant has quail on his mind, he should be in possession of two to three well-trained pointers: if it's dove, one baited peanut field is the only requirement. Contact A. Minnichello.

The bowling picture at Carlstrom became a bit blurred and hazy last week. League bowling was temporarily cancelled, and Pilots and their wives began finding other amusements about town.

It is hoped, however, by all concerned, that all difficulties will soon be ironed out and that play will soon continue.

The temporary lay-off, nevertheless, is likely to give the high-scoring Army team time to train newly arrived Captain Clounts to take Major George Ola's place.

### Unmentionable Department

Jimmy Beville is on the road to recovery after trying to take off a tight fitting shoe with a 22 revolver—an incident which came in celebration of his first wedding anniversary (one week).

Says Jimmy, hobbling, and a wiser man, "Better take 'em off the good old fashioned way, boys. My way is a little rough on the feet."

Bob Banks' wife is back in town a day before she was expected . . . Charlie Close put his Austin on the auction block because of the tire situation. He couldn't talk the Maintenance Department into four Stearman tail wheels.

The great opportunity for cadets to broaden their journalistic side is to report to the Publicity Department, Lt. Payne's office.

Cadet news is badly needed from Carlstrom—not only for the Fly Paper, but for hometown newspapers and for the press in general.

Class 43-E is at last enjoying the freedom of solo flight from the line—without the monotony of the "boss" in the front cockpit.

### Be Careful

There's an old saying among pilots which sets forth that, "A pilot is either careful or dead!" There might be a less brutally frank way of getting across the moral, but even the painful truth is less brutal than a crack-up and sudden death.

Always remember that Carlstrom's safety record is *ours* to keep, but *yours* to spoil. Building it is the work of *hundreds* of men over a period of *two years*; tearing it down can be the work of *one careless man* in a *split second*! Be the *careful* pilot—not the *dead* one.

### Who Is This Man?

Carlstrom sons and daughters were a visibly shaken lot last week as it became more and more apparent that the following pictured creature was actually at large in their very midst.

The situation was not unlike the now legendary escapade of one Orson Welles, who, a couple of years ago, shocked America into a state of near hysteria with his invasion by the "Men from Mars," as the above blurred and hazy likeness was turned loose upon this unsuspecting Arcadia Field.

In the interest of public safety, warnings were posted and emergency air raid shelters were opened for immediate occupancy.

Can yo' identify this hyar inhuman feend? Send in the top of a large size sugar jar—with the jar itself firmly screwed on and five pounds of sugar inside—to the editor, and if your entry is correct . . . well . . . aren't you the smart one though! (Editor's Note: not to be taken as a hint, but he is usually found sitting at Stage Commander Carl Dunn's desk, wearing Carl Dunn's shoes.)



## Silent Impressions

by An. Adverse

Where: Embry-Riddle Main Office

When: Night of Armistice Day

What: Miss X"

'Peccably, pertly prim, she sat at the waiting bench, beside the cold fountain of youth, near the door to the elevator. With a book open, her hands holding the sides of it, she looked very glum. Or, is it more proper to say that she was staring blankly at it?

Inquiring as to the reason for her glumness, she silently held up the book. And my eyebrows arched high at what I beheld—strange but unspoken language; nothing but what looked like windstrewn twigs on the snow-whiteness of the leaves or fowl scratches in the sands.

"Hard," she sighed.

Aye, me lass, very hard—and you have just begun . . .

Shorthand is not the only subject difficult to tackle, to understand; all worldly things

Continued on Page 14



# WHITECAPS

by Johnny Carruthers II

Well, folks, here is another week and here is another column. This week has been a rather eventful one and I have a good deal of news for you hounds.

We had some flight examinations this week. The base has a very good record; in fact, I haven't heard of a student failing an examination since I've been here.

On top of the list is Floyd Siefferman, who went up for a commercial license. Floyd came through with flying colors, though he was a bit worried until he got some of those little things ironed out.

Floyd has been flying since September 18, 1918; the date that he soloed. The airplane was a Thomas Morris with a Hall Scott Engine, 95 hp. Those were the days when a person would pay a pilot \$20 a minute just to take him some place. But flying them was like walking a tight wire, you either dood it or you don't dood it.

They didn't know anything about spins. What they did know was all theory and that was wrong. Floyd will go up for his flight instructors exam soon.

Next were two private exams. Ev Swan and Bailey "B.B.Eyes" Balken took a ride with the inspector and as usual came through on top. Ev, like Bailey, does a swell job of flying and doesn't know it.

Everytime he does a good day's job of flying, he says "that stunk". But we let that pass on because we know different.

Bailey, or rather "B.B.Eyes", had a little excitement while he was taking the solo part of his exam. While he was making his spot landing, the motor went dead, but this was nothing to excite Bailey.

He merely landed, (I guess anyone would do that), threw out his anchor, cranked the motor, and went on around to finish his spots.

When he came in he had a rather sheepish look on his face and said, "Did I do all right?" We were all proud as the devil and he asks a question like *that*.

The base has a new student, Mrs. Emma Hall Taudte, and a very promising student she is. When Mrs. Taudte does anything, she goes into it the whole way.

She has enrolled for a complete Commercial Flight Instructors Course. She had never flown before and Friday she had her first ride with the base manager, Ruth Norton.

Mrs. Taudte remarked that she enjoyed it very, very much; so look out instructors, here's more competition for you.

Buddy Shelton, one of our employees, has gone into the Navy. He left for San Diego last Friday and from there on who knows. Good luck, Buddy, and the best wishes from the Base.

We all will miss him because he was one of the swellest fellows ever at the Base.

Buddy went in as a machinest mate and he hopes to get some flying time on the job.

Wally Mountcastle had a little bad luck last week. He has a swell boat that he rides to the Base everyday; it's one of those Prigg Flyers. Well it so happens that Wally had docked his boat at Bond's boat dock.

When he came back, lo and behold, it had sunk! Right down to the bottom it had sunk. After a little observation he found that the drain plug had been pulled out and the boat had filled with water.

Do you know how Wally gets to the Base now? That's silly, of course you don't. Well, anyway he rides his bike. Boy, you should hear him puff as he comes apedaling. The boat will soon be fixed and he certainly will be glad.

It must be the Yuletide Spirit, but all the alumni seem to be coming back to the Base. The latest arrival is our one and only Bob McKay.

Bob, better known as "10c for a bottle of milk or I won't buy any more for the Kid" has just arrived in Miami for a Christmas vacation.

Bob has been way up above the Mason-Dixon Line at school and is sure glad to be back in this swell Miami weather.

He started his visit out with a bang; he no sooner got here than he started paying fines. Ah, well, such is life, especially the life of Bob McKay.

Herman Garrigus has a new and excellent assistant, Jim Clark. Jim is an old employee of Embry-Riddle; in fact, he holds identification card No. 1.

He was employed by Embry-Riddle way back during the time the Boss had an airline in Cincinnati. Jim holds an A. and E. License of No. 167. That's good enough reference in itself.

Well, folks, that's all, thar ain't no mo', but next week is another week. So long.



by Tom Watson, Jr., Carlstrom's Editor



# DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

There are a select few people who, on having to get a job done, will act first and talk later. Such a person is Floyd Cullers, Chief of Airplane Maintenance of Door Field.

A husky, energetic, and forceful man, Cullers really gets things accomplished. He is not one to waste time trying to persuade someone that the job comes under some other department.

One of Floyd Culler's greatest assets, however, is his understanding of human nature; with the result that he is fairly worshipped by the more than 200 men in his department.

"If there is a little argument within my maintenance family", says he, "I try to settle the question fairly and honestly. First of all, I get the disputers together in my office", says Floyd.

"If they appear angry or excited, I send them home to cool off before making any peace offerings. There is no difficulty that cannot be settled quietly and with the help of a little reasoning and understanding".

## Humane Methods

Culler's humane methods pay off. Evidence the harmony that exists throughout his department, despite the gruelling pace and extreme responsibility of the activity to be accomplished.

If Floyd Cullers is a good psychologist, he is even more impressive as an inventor. It is an education and a treat to visit the hangars and see the labor and accident saving innovations that are in use there.

A 16-year-old boy, with no other help, could, in one minute, by means of a home-spun pulley contraption that Cullers has devised, unload a 3,000-pound engine from a truck. Another ingenious invention can move the same weight horizontally with the same ease and efficiency.

Floyd Cullers was born in Luray, Va., in March, 1906. At 18 he enlisted in the Air Corps, but his application for aviation Cadet was turned down because he was too young. He was assigned to Chanute Field, Ill., and later to Bolling Field, Wash.



Lt. Dorsey, center, with Friends

At these Posts the young soldier developed his extreme interest in, and knowledge of, airplane mechanics. Cullers left the Army in 1930 to join the Airways Division, Bureau of Lighthouse, Radio Section, Department of Commerce. This agency, believe it or not, finally boiled down to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, as it is known today.

Floyd became Superintendent of Maintenance for the CAA, and remained at this task until he saw the Embry-Riddle light in 1940. Dorr Field has since benefited by his genius.

## Around the Circle

Doug Hocker can have his old scooter this kind of weather. It just don't have enough wind resistance, or maybe we have too much.

Those signs that say "please don't park on the shoulders" don't seem to mean much after all we've said, but we have a scheme where they will mean *oodles*, that ain't a threat, it's a promise!

That new steam pressure cooker in the Mess Hall is doing a good job these cool days—60 gallons and full of soup.

Mr. Nicodemus was on the sick list two days this past week. Glad to see you back again, Mr. Nic.

Should anybody ask you what Harry Johnson's (Mess Hall) nickname is, it's "Bunk". Could it be from Bunk-fatigue?

Just two more of the old timers are left in the Mess Hall, O. B. Thomas and Spencer Murray.

The Bakery is in its new place in the Mess Hall, apart from the Kitchen. S'funny, but we always did have a weakness for bakeries.

## Short Snorters

H. E. Hudson, new Assistant Flight Commander to Mr. Sheppard.

Wonder if Mr. Fink feels the cold these early mornings?

Johnny Fredendall on a month's vacation to Wisconsin, the Dairyland State.

The first man on the job in the morning is Johnny Lyons. Wonder who gets him out of bed? Jim Burt is a close second, and G. I. Bailey runs with the rest of the field. G. I. does not stand for Government Issue.

What we know about "Commando" Sharkey just wouldn't do to tell.

All guards on the front gate have been instructed to have the gate open when Mr. Llewellyn approaches and not to wait 'till he gets there.

Messrs. Mougey, Barclay, and Taylor went on another hunting trip the past week. We understand that there's quite a mess of fresh steak at one of their homes.

We ain't so hot either. We once came back with a bunch of buzzards instead of turkeys, but that is another story.



Vista at Dorr

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## ARMY

Captain Pinkerton splashed all the water out of the pool this last week. The reason? Well, he soloed. Congratulations, Captain.

We wonder if Lieutenant Moore will be glad to see Captain Bentley get back on the job?

Did Corporal Landau enjoy his ride with the C. O. last week in the B. T.? We heard that the Corporal bowed to the ground three times and remarked, "Good ole terra firma".

Why doesn't someone teach Margie Pierce how to flip a coin. Maybe it would bring her better luck.

Lieutenant Jones had better learn how to read signs or at least be able to count the letters.

It is rumored that a certain Master Sergeant will be taking over his former duties again pretty soon.

Ask "Peaches" and Lieutenant Cauthorn why "can't get out of this mood" was dedicated to them by ????

Lieutenant Huey likes "When the lights go on again all over the world" very much. Wonder why?

Lieutenant Revere, expecting a leave, hopes to see a white Christmas, Wonder what he's worrying about these days?



## HANGAR LINE

That long distance telephone call received one day last week by Scott—we'll get him to tell us all about it one day, maybe?

How would you like to have to get out some morning around three o'clock and have to start to work? That's when most of us roll over, take a squint at the old clock, and find we have another hour to sleep.

Well, some of these fellows on the line leave their homes at that hour so they can get here by six o'clock—more power to them these cold mornings. Some of them come from as far away as Bowling Green, Wauchula, and Myakka City.

Have you noticed this Hangar romance? Mary Edna Parker has those limpid pools in her eyes.

Everyone is interested in seeing who's going to win the "Caricature of Mr. Riddle" contest. Of course we feel that we are.

Bellflower, Smith, and Lanier wondering at the high price of meat, even if said meat was fresh and Florida grown—and not enough to go around either.

### "The Canteen"

We have two brides working down here now, Dora Jean Baum, who became Mrs. Wynn the first part of last week, and Mrs. Hudgins, wife of one of the Cadets. Good luck and best wishes to both of you.

### "Kwitcherbeliakinanbymorbons"

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## DORR RECORD

The Southeast has just released figures on the number of Aviation Cadets from Class 43-A graduating from basic flying schools.

These figures indicated the number entering from the primary training schools and the percentage of these men graduated from basic flying training.

Dorr Field officials are extremely proud of the fact that only two percent of their graduates from this primary school were eliminated from basic, as against an overall average of six and one-tenth percent.

This, it must be admitted, is a good step toward the goal of a perfect record of no eliminees in basic training, set by the staff of this Field.



A Dorr Sport



Vadah Thomas, our assistant editor, and the one and only Freddie Lewis.

## TO THE FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

by A/C Kistler, A. C.

Flight One, Class 43-D

*Oh Flying Instructor, you surely are blessed*

*With patience, with skill, and with daring!*  
*Too often those rules and those patterns*  
*you stressed*

*We muffed—and our errors were glaring . .*

*And often, I know, you'd have said your good-byes*

*And asked for a three-weeks vacation,*  
*If 'tweren't for the fact that in all of our eyes*

*You saw such a determination!*

*The "Series of Turns" with its varying banks,*

*And "S" turns low over a fence;*

*"Keep looking around!" . . . and . . . "Don't give it such yanks!"*

*Ye Gods! Can't you use Common Sense?"*

*"Coordinate stick, and keep feet off the rudder,*

*When you have gone into a bank,*  
*Your skidding and slipping keep making me shudder,*

*'Till soon I'll be just an old crank."*

*"Say, why do you think I keep waving my hand?*

*Now look at that tach—what's it reading?*  
*I've told you and told you in air and on land*

*When throttle needs 'starving' stop 'feeding'."*

*How happy we were when the day finally loomed—*

*You told us to take her up "Solo"!*  
*Excitedly, eagerly, upward we zoomed,*

*And dropped from our name the word "Dodo"!*

*Now surely, someday, if we stay on the beam,*

*We'll pass all our check rides at Dorr—*  
*And always we'll KNOW that we've reached that fond dream,*

*Because of our Flying Instructor!*

## A DAY IN THE LIBRARY

by Dorothy P. Burton

"You're a lycanthropist, Rhea," said Young. "What's a lycanthropist?" the puzzled boy asked.

On being referred to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, he was relieved to find it was the popular—even complimentary—term "Wolf," with which he was quite familiar.

Louis G. entered with thirst for more knowledge on dynamic and static balance. It so happened a new book had just been received which answered his question fully and he departed happily with C. C. Carter's "Simple Aerodynamics and the Airplane."

A phone call from the Dispensary was for the correct spelling of "Emanating." No difficulty in supplying that information.

A flurry of activity, such as: finding the center of pressure of the airfoil; defining viscosity; getting out carburetor data; finding the prices of four books for Sheldon Wells.

An instructor from Sheet Metal department arrived who asked, "Is soldering thermal, physical, mechanical?" Book after book was consulted and no conclusion was reached; for we found one authority contradicted another.

Mrs. Cass of Miami Public Library was given a call, and she found the same discrepancies in the text she consulted.

But the day was saved by the appearance of one whom I felt was an AUTHORITY on any subject. He explained to us clearly and in detail that soldering is thermal in method but physical in result.

That crisis over, I was confronted by a demand for: pictures of Allied and Axis planes, which was a simple matter; the pressure formula, likewise involving no strenuous mental effort; new and late data on rigging, which is not a demand easily met though frequently presented.

The best to be offered in this case was a 1935 edition of the Air Corps Technical School publications. However, the students who have gone up for their "A" ticket assure me it is adequate.

*Editor's Note: This is only the beginning of a busy day in the Tech School Library. More to come.*

First Golfer: "Say! You nearly hit my wife."

Second Golfer: "I'm sorry, old man; take a shot at mine."



Around the Pool



# Athletically Speaking

by Janet Silverglade

I'm afraid that this isn't much up my alley; but somebody has to tackle the job, and I have been elected. So if I embarrass anyone, step on anyone's toes, or tease anyone, remember it's all in fun; and please don't swing (at least not in public).

Besides being new at this writing job, I have had a new and distracting pupil in our office this week who has been learning to type. And he seems to like it too!

We haven't as yet christened him; but we tagged him with Engine, because he's either running full speed or is just 'dead to the world'. Lt. Mock has borrowed our pet for awhile, but he promises to take good care of him.

## Bowling-itis

That tall red headed fellow with the long stride and worried look is none other than Lloyd Budge.

Right now, he's in the middle of nowhere trying to get this bowling league straightened out, and it's not as easy as it sounds—what with almost 200 bowlers, limited time, and only 16 alleys—so let's all try to cooperate with him and keep on having fun.

We are sorry that our blonde Rosamond Jordon cannot be with us anymore on bowling nights. Aside from being a darned good bowler, we had a lot fun with her; but then, work before pleasure these days.

The grinning face that sits behind the desk in the stock room belongs to Milton Roberts. It seems that he never will get over seeing his name in the newspaper.

Oh, yes, you remember—he came in *second* in the men's division in our open bowling meet at the Playdium.

## Come Rain . . .

There really was a record crowd Wednesday night. It seems that even the rain can't dampen the enthusiasm of this gang. Dottie Wells and Ruth Turner were great rivals on the Chaufferette's team.

Ruth knocked down the most pins, averaging 134; while Dottie did quite well with 124. In fact, they led the Girls' League on Wednesday night.

I overheard Dave Hendricks and Malcolm Byrnes, in fact I listened; and they didn't seem too happy with their scores—but remember boys, the lower you start, the more you can improve, and the better it looks.

We were glad to see Mr. Riddle there, and I am just sorry that he doesn't bowl with us, because I am sure that he would give some of you fellows "a run for your money". And, I'm not kidding either!!

We are proud to announce that two of our league members have joined the ranks of the "200 Club".

First ranking member is Donald Findley from the Instructor Trainee Department, with 212; and a close second is Chuck

Helm, Chapman Field, with 200. Congrats, boys, and here is hoping that you can recruit some more members soon.

Truthfully speaking, I was pretty disappointed in some of the women; and I hate to admit it, but some of them actually lived up to a reputation that "women can't be depended on".

## Shame, Shame . . .

Let's not let it happen again, gals; no one wants you to do anything that you don't want to, but please let us know ahead of time.

Wain Fletcher of Fly Paper fame told me personally that she just bowled for the fun of it; but it looks as if she means business too.



Janet and Her Pupil

She neared that 100 mark on Thursday night and has fire in her eyes, as well as that twinkle. So watch out, girls! (Editor's Note: Now, Janet, the sunny side of fifty would be more accurate!)

We were really glad to see some of the wives there too: Mrs. Habig, Mrs. Budge, and Mrs. Ebbets. We like to meet the "better halves", and we hope they enjoyed being with us.

It seems that Helen Dillard owes her thanks to Ruth Turner. Upon being asked how such an improvement took place in her score, she replied, "Why I just copied Ruth's approach, (in slow motion), and the result was "improvement".

## Riddle-ettes

Well gals, our basketball team got under way last week, with a "skeptical six" of us. Guess it was kind of short notice, and I am glad to announce that since then I have signed up quite a few more on that dotted line. There is always room for more.

I must admit that we were hardly a match for those high school teensters. But after we get the feel of the ball again and a little of this "old age" out of our muscles, I am sure that we can really "play ball".

And win or loose, we do have lots of fun. It gives you a legitimate excuse for complaining about your aches and pains.

## The "Skeptical Six"

The "skeptical six" that turned out were: Jerry Goff, Loui Allison, Nellie Diamond, and Fay Overg—all from Engine Overhaul, and plenty good too. One of our cute little runners, Adel Heiden, and yours truly completed the list.

And, I might add that, in spite of everything, we didn't do so badly and made quite a few baskets.

## Embry-Riddle Regulars

Our men's team really got off to a good start on Thursday night at Miami High by winning its first game in the Industrial League. The team took Pan American for a loss, with the final score reading 22-15.

Jacobsen was high score man, with three goals to his credit; and Joos proved a good all around man. The others that "gave their all" were: Pryzblek, Silakowski, Michel, McDonald, Shanahan, Levy, and Dickey, who all played well.

## Good Work, Fellows

Although they lacked the mid-season polish and teamwork, they really played a good game, and we are all proud of you. Just remember fellows, that you have a championship record to uphold.

And the rest of you, why not give them support from the sidelines? The games will take place every Thursday night at Miami High School, and we will try to put the time in the Fly Paper every week, for it varies.

If it should miss the deadline, just call the Athletic Office. This week it will be at 7:30 p.m., and we should like to see some of you out there.

## The Golf Bug

It pleases me no end that we are getting more and more buyers for our golf tickets, but what amazes me is the fact that most of the enthusiasts are our boys in uniform.

Surely, if they can find time, some of you other people can—and it's a good sport to make you forget your troubles for awhile.

Come on in to the Athletic Office and buy a ticket for the *Course* in relaxation; guaranteed to clear any cobwebs from those office weary brains. And all this for the price of 50c.

## Badminton

Badminton got off to a roaring start this week, with a lot of hidden talent coming to the front. "Sandy" Saunders of Aircraft and Mrs. Saunders tied for first place, while Cecil Cook, and Instructor Harry LeRoy, also of Aircraft, tied for second.

Scores were judged on the point system, and we're really proud of the showing our folks made. Let's see some more of you out there next week.



## INTER-DEPARTMENTAL DART-BOWL CONTEST

The Company, in its effort to promote noon time recreation among the employees, is sponsoring its first annual Inter-Departmental Turkey Dart-Bowl Tournament.

Each department will receive a dart-bowl set and rules for playing the game. Each department will produce its champion for both the men's and women's divisions, either by a one game high score or a three game high score.

### Three Day Limit

These contests within the departments must be completed within three days after the games are received. The winners of the various divisions will then bowl a single game under the supervision of the Athletic Office.

Those holding the three high scores in both the men's and women's divisions will be awarded Christmas turkeys. There will be no entry fee.

Competitions in all departments must be completed by December 19th.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## TEN PIN LEAGUE

Playdium Bowling Lanes  
Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.

The Embry-Riddle Bowling League, scheduled for this time, will consist of eight teams. These teams held their first league games on Wednesday night.

At that time, team captains were given a list of suggested officers for the combined Embry-Riddle Leagues and elections took place. These will be announced next week.

### Fifty Cents Per Person

The cost of bowling, per member, will be 50c per night. The money will cover two of the three games bowled. The Company will pay for the third game and will contribute 25c per night per member toward the prize fund. This fund will be accumulated during the season and distributed at the end.

The distribution of prizes will be made through the cooperation of a prize committee, working with the Athletic Office, against the Sports Promotion Budgets.

### Handicap Basis

League play will be operated on a handicap basis. An average will be set, higher than any bowling average of a participant, and 75% of the difference between each bowler's average and this set average will be added to each bowler's score, for an evening's play.

When a member of a team is absent, the dummy score will be 20 points less than the absentee's average. When new players wish to participate, they will roll in the place of the dummy, one evening using the dummy's score. On future occasions, they will use the average established on their previous bowling.

The original averages are those that were established on the basis of the games rolled

on December 9th. From now on, the averages will be brought up to date each week, and a bowler will be using his actual average.

The foul line will be enforced. Whenever a player crosses the foul line, all pins knocked down on that roll will be disallowed. If a foul is committed on the first ball, all pins knocked down will be set up before the second ball is rolled.

### Reserve Your Ball

Any player wishing to use a particular ball may so register his desire and have it reserved each week.

Matches will start promptly at 9:30 o'clock; if 3 frames are completed, the dummy score will be used and the player considered absent for that game. However, if less than 3 frames are bowled, the player will be allowed to catch up with his team.

## Noted Author Given Pointer on Aviation by Son



"This is where power generates in an aviation engine", explains Edison Marshall, Jr., to his father, famous writer of adventure stories, at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, where the 18-year-old youth is terminating shop and classroom work to wear the uniform of a Coast Guard seaman. He enlisted two weeks ago and expects to be called for duty next week.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

## WING FLUTTER

by Catherine W. Kerr

Another week gone by and we are back to our Fly Paper chat. What's new around here? Well, nothing particular—just the usual routine, and no one seems to be very newsy.

Guess Santa Claus is too close at hand, and everyone is wondering what to give for Christmas and still be able to pay his income tax.

We at Aircraft Overhaul were mighty glad to welcome Harold Malcolm and his staff. Some of you probably thought the timekeeping Department had moved away to a secret hiding place, because their new phone is on a line by itself. I know some of you have not been able to learn the number, so here it is—3-5005.

Miss Vannah Witmer of the Timekeeping Department has gone to Carlstrom Field

for a few days. Hope she gets home soon, for we miss her. Guess we're still old fashioned and like to keep our family together.

Everyone around here is asking for some more of those good old McShane classes on Aircraft. How about it, Mr. Mac?

Our Messenger Service is asking a few questions which are being asked of her. Where did the bucket of black paint go at noon? Looks like there is going to be a dark secret.

A certain gal here has a weakness for motorcycles and asks how about a ride. She understands that on a motorcycle it is not ladies first. She closes her question box with the comment that a certain Mr. P. prefers blonds with dreamy eyes, and why?

That's a cute little "a la Adolph Menjou" Mr. Wool is wearing these days. It looks like he is trying to cover up something.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## PROGRAM

# The Riddle "Family Theatre"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

### Feature Picture

## "THE HEART OF NEW YORK"

with Al Jolson, Madge Evans,  
Frank Morgan and Harry Langdon

Monday, December 21st  
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, December 22nd  
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, December 23rd  
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, December 24th  
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

### Feature Picture

## "WIDE OPEN FACES"

with Joe E. Brown

Thursday, December 24th  
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, December 25th  
DORR FIELD

Monday, December 28th  
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,  
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents



# TECH TALK

by Betty Bruce

**WARNING!** Anyone reading this column does so at his own risk. I take no responsibility whatsoever for the following.

Since I have been working back at dear old Tech School for only a few days, I'm afraid my range of gossip and scandal will be limited; however, here goes nothin'.

## What! No Curiosity?

We were notified early this week that there is a record sale in progress on the seventh floor. Anyone interested in purchasing the records "Brazil" or "Daybreak", please see Elaine Devery.

And thereby hangs a tale. It seems that Dev had been scouring the record stores for the past few days, in hopes of obtaining the aforementioned records.

Finally, after one of these soul wearying experiences, to her immense relief, she found "Brazil". Taking heart and courage from this success, she squared her shoulders and began anew the hunt for "Daybreak".

This was surely her lucky day. She also found this record. Yes, Dev was happy as she made her way home, but disillusionment was soon to follow.

Later in the evening, Miss Devery idly turned the "Brazil" record over to see if, perchance, there was something good on the other side. You've guessed it! There was "Daybreak". And, of course, on the other side of "Daybreak" was "Brazil". Sad?

## She's Off!

If this copy has a peculiar ring to it, it's just because I'm listening to the conversation going on in the Fly Paper office.

Vadah Thomas is letting herself be persuaded into having lunch with her husband, by Wain Fletcher.

I don't know why you're coaxing, Wain. Vadah is on her way out the door in a sprinter's pose, but keeps saying, "Oh well, if you *really* think I should, well . . .", anyway there she goes.

I would like some advice from the readers of this column. Does the following sound like a "not too subtle" hint? Simultaneously, with the arrival of the two new members of the Sixth floor, namely J. Arnold Mims and myself, Betty Harrington and Texas Newbold went home sick. I dunno, but it seems sorta funny.

Seriously though, Betty has been very ill the past two days with the remainder of a cold, and Texas ate something that disagreed with her. Glad you're both feeling better.

## Mims-Bruce & Co.

Speaking of the new arrivals, this J. Arnold Mims really has something. Definitely attractive (so sorry, girls, he's married and has a girl friend . . . his daughter, aged two and a half). Besides he has brains.

If you want to know anything about Priorities, Wage and Hour, etc. just give him a call. Of course, when you call, the voice that says "Mr. Mims Office" so sweetly isn't his. Behind that voice lies a charming, special personality, also with brains. That's me!

In case you think I'm joking about the Priority business, we offer on this page an

## IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY



Beauty as well as brains graces Embry-Riddle. And all four of these lovelies belong to the same family. No one could possibly object to a monopoly like that! Left to right are: Marty Warren, Aviation Advisor; Helen Dillard, Identification Clerk in Charles Ebbets' office; Connie Henshaw of Mr. Riddle's office; and Jacqueline Dillard, Courier.

## Vital Facts on Priorities

A Clear Explanation

一九四一年十月十日

某某先生

稅老老良仙配 后良良良求 Priorities 羅出  
古寶古龍 CHEMICALS 人製 墨製洗滌 石手羊齒  
花 榮本莊和情維印寶飾 酒許私機香女 房輕  
穀噴噴古 轉與 AIO RATING 審法學 為釋嚴狂  
必夢開發轉彩 真會承真 身能糾糾 離大呼名歐  
審審 Priorities 古搜安波將顯思扶 家制嚴嚴為書  
伍舞數件知 O P M 出將芬蘭懶 Deliveries 勇士  
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本主人敬啟



excerpt from one of Mr. Mims explanations, which I'm sure will give everyone in the company a fair idea of the finer points of our problems.

Immediately before coming to Embry-Riddle Company, Mr. Mims had his own Priority Service Agency here in town. Previous to that, however, he worked with the War Production Board in Washington for fourteen months.

When questioned as to his past, Mr. Mims would only state that he was born on a farm in Georgia at quite an early age, and would disclose his past up till the present only at the advice of his lawyer.

## Skinner's Saxophone

The faint whisper you have received upon calling the seventh floor this past week has been all the voice that cute little Jo Skinner could muster. It's an unconfirmed rumor; but we learned from reliable source that she lost her voice trying, in vain, to talk above her husband's tenor sax. P.S.—It's really very good. The sax, I mean.

Sarah Zion left this week to join husband Roy in California. Many of you will remember Roy Zion as the pleasant person in the Cafeteria who dished out wisdom and wise-cracks along with the food.

The switchboard will seem a little more lonely without Sarah, what with Minnie Cassel (Pvt. Cassel please note) at the Colonnade Building and Mary Frances Perner at the Purchasing Department.

Therefore, we will now pause for a moment of silence to pray that we can keep Lillian Bradford and Kay Gorman as a token of the Last Regime.

Oh dear, Vadah is back with that dreamy expression and dazed eyes. (Her hubby, Bill, is home for a few days.) Doctors called in on the case say that the fog will clear from Vadah's head in time. It must be wonderful.

Tsk, tsk's for the week go to Charlie Ebbets, who left a note on his door Thursday stating, "Will Be At ChapTman Field All Day". Really, Charlie . . . The silver



star, however, goes to Wain Fletcher, our Fly Paper Editor, who, seeing the note, encircled the "T" and wrote, "Shame, Shame . . . Wain".

#### Pink Department

Just as a matter of curiosity, how did the Budge boys manage to corner the market on red-heads? I just got a glimpse of a gorgeous head of red hair, only to discover that same belonged to Miss Janet Silverglade, who is attached to the Budge Office. Note to Budes: Monopolies went out when Teddy Roosevelt went in!!

Here's an item that will interest the statistical minded Embry-Riddle-ites. We learned that the Switchboard took a total of calls the other day, just for their own interest, you understand.

Well, the figures read as follows: The average for four days ran to 3200 calls per day. Not only that, but some days the calls reached the 3600 mark.

Some hours they received 350 calls. It's amazing that the girls down there can still manage a cheery "Operator" by noon.

We can't explain this statement, but anyone having trouble with a headache might contact Betty Harrington. She has a sure fire prescription that is painless, pill-less, and from what we hear, it's very pleasant. How 'bout that, Harrington?

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

## SIMON BOLIVAR

by Federico Zerres, Venezuelan Cadet

Broken-hearted at the separation of the Great Colombia into three independent states, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela, Simon Bolivar, liberator of five countries, died in Santa Marta, Colombia, on December 17, 1842.

Bolivar's ideals personify exactly what we are striving to attain today. His conceptions of freedom and unity in America should be brought before the public in these days when we are struggling to prove the truth of one of his most prophetic sayings: "The freedom of the New World is the hope the Universe".

Never thinking of himself, pushing on and on, he inspired soldiers and generals, created free nations, and drew up constitutions. Personal ambition was unknown to him.

He said, "It is my most profound wish to see America the greatest nation in the world, not in extent of riches, but in liberty and glory".

Today we realize that united action of the Republics of the New World is but the final step in a program laid out so long ago by one of America's most noble emancipators.

Born of nobility in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, on July 24, 1783, Bolivar was orphaned at the age of seven. Shortly thereafter, he left with a devoted tutor for Europe, where he studied in Madrid, Spain.

Returning to his plantation home as a

## ARGENTINE STUDENTS GREET VISITING COUNTRYMEN



Two students from Argentina welcomed three visiting countrymen when they visited the Tech School Monday afternoon. Left to right, Antonio B. Villamil, Buenos Aires exporter; Gonzalo Lopez, shaking hands with Angel Bohigas, Buenos Aires newspaper publisher who last week received the Columbia University Cabot Journalism Award; Reno Bono; and Ricardo G. Noble, a public relations counsel of Buenos Aires.

### ARGENTINE VISITORS

Three leading businessmen of Buenos Aires, Argentina, spent Monday afternoon at the Tech school; and after visiting the various training departments, they agreed there was only one word to describe their impressions: "Magnifico".

The visitors, Angel Bohigas, subdirector of the newspaper LaNacion; Antonio B. Villamil, exporter; and Ricardo G. Noble, public relations counsel, were greeted at the school and were escorted on the inspection tour by Gonzalo Lopez and Reno Bono, Argentine students; Eric Sundstrom, Latin-American coordinator; and Miss Jacqueline Dillard, courier.

Mr. Bohigas came to the United States to receive Columbia University's Cabot Journalism Award on behalf of LaNacion, in recognition of service in fostering solidarity among the Americas. He said that Aviation is playing a leading part in developing a better understanding between the peoples of North and South America.

"After the war, when travel is restored to normalcy, the word 'stranger' won't belong in the vocabulary of these people," he said.

The publisher pointed out that on his trip to the United States, 22 years ago, it took him three weeks to get to New York by boat; and this time he was in Miami

four days after leaving Buenos Aires by plane.

"Just imagine what this will mean to business in North and South America after the War when everybody will travel by plane and distances will be a secondary consideration. We'll all be neighbors, as it should be," he said.

Mr. Bohigas said Argentina hasn't "scratched the surface" in the Aviation industry; but he predicted that after the War, there will be new air lines and airplane manufacturing plants in his country.

He said that more Argentines are speaking the English language than ever before and pointed out that it has replaced French as a compulsory foreign language in all the schools there.

"With Spanish being taught in so many public schools in the United States, a closer relationship with the Latin-American countries will continue to increase as more and more people visit South America," he explained.

He complimented John Paul Riddle for "the development of such a fine school" and praised the U.S. Government's Scholarship Plan, making it possible for Argentine youths to receive adequate aviation training here.

Mr. Bohigas and his two traveling companions returned to Buenos Aires this week.

young man, Bolivar experienced his first great sorrow—the death of his young wife. Seeking consolation, he went back to the Continent with his tutor.

Spanning the Atlantic for the second time, his route touched the United States. It was here that he had an opportunity to observe free institutions in operation; and henceforth, Bolivar devoted his life, fortune, and brilliance to the cause of independence.

The scenes of revolution he had witnessed in Paris made him realize the necessity of

freeing his country from Spanish domination.

Facing treachery and defeat in his 14 years of war against Spain, Bolivar engaged in more than 200 battles. The most famous of these was that which occurred in Boyaca in 1819 and led to the establishment of the Republic of Great Colombia.

Disappointed, overworked, and suspected of planning tyranny and perhaps monarchy, Bolivar, at the age of 47, said on his deathbed, "If my death causes anarchy to cease, I die happy".



## CHRISTMAS CHEER

George Wheeler, Jr., our Executive Vice-President, will have Open House on Christmas Day.

Christmas cheer will be in order from ten-thirty a.m. to one thirty p.m. at his Coral Gables home on the corner of Astoria Avenue and Granada Boulevard.

If you have difficulty in finding the house just look in the vicinity of the Biltmore for a traffic jam.

## SILENT IMPRESSIONS

*Continued from Page 6*

are equally hard. Wasting time makes tasks harder.

Too much idle talk is a lot of waste in time; seconds, minutes, hours, and days of your limited life are numbered . . .

Once you start something, stick to it. Carry on the fight with a will to overcome—which calls for perseverance and patience, which requires infinite pains and indefinite time. And, before long, before you know it, you will already be an expert at it!

The best advice I can give for the success of your life is to leave all things, all details in the hands of nature and follow the course according to schedule.

This, of course, requires much discipline on your own part. Don't expect the world to go out of the way a bit to do the disciplinary task for you.

Grumble about how hard this phase or that is—and you will never go places.

\* \* \*

\*She claims that she does not have the name, but my impression is, after days of divinity, it is Jo Skinner, 'cause it looks most like her. Or, I lose my bet—ten cents—to her, the one I have taken in for the literary drubbing in this column. And if she recognizes herself wrongly drubbed.

\* \* \*

A woman at her work bench, undergoing vocational training, pauses for a minute to raise her hands to brush back her hair or to adjust it; then, shaking her head sadly at this annoyance, she resumes her work, but the hair rebels and roves again about her face, maliciously asserting its democratic rights of freedom.

Very small though it is, this sort of incident (please take note, instructors or directors) takes up time where training or employment is concerned; but it also involves danger to the safety of her life in a subtle way one cannot foresee—in much the same way as one goes about his work with a loose, flying tie in a machine shop.

And I have every good reason to believe that, much as she would like to, she cannot help the botheration of her rebellious hair which is impeding her endeavor to make a creditable grade in her work.

It is, therefore, important and necessary that you—first of all—suggest her shapely head be turbaned or bereted.

# MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

Remember the song that went like this: "The love bug will bite you if you don't watch out"? It seems that Janet Perry has the bug—well, who wouldn't with a nice Aviation Cadet such as Dick Hiss.

The other morning I heard that the certain heartthrob is home on a 40-day furlough. Now isn't that nice, and right at Christmas time, too.

It seems that Nick Nicholson will be kept pretty busy between the Warehouse and Materiel Control. They're both nice girls. Good luck to both.

Joe Simpson has been off for a few days. Well, Joe, the way to tell if you are really missed is to be absent for awhile. There are few people who seemingly can be at so many places at the same time as you.

Well, folks, Christmas is almost here, and it looks like we might have a little cool weather to make us really get into the mood.

This past Saturday we drew names for our little celebration, and now everyone is wondering who got his name. Well, I know of one person who might get a neatly tied package of switches; so that party better be good to us, as Santa does do those things to bad little boys.

I had a nice long talk with myself about a Christmas tree, and I consider myself old enough not to want one. But the longer I said, "No, I won't have one this year", the greater became the yearning to forget my age.

So, I believe that I have settled the subject and the affirmative side has won. Yes, there will be a small but dainty tree in my house, with lights and all the trimmings.

You see, I'm just a hill-billy, and there's nothing quite so nice as the smell of a pine tree to get you into the Christmas spirit.

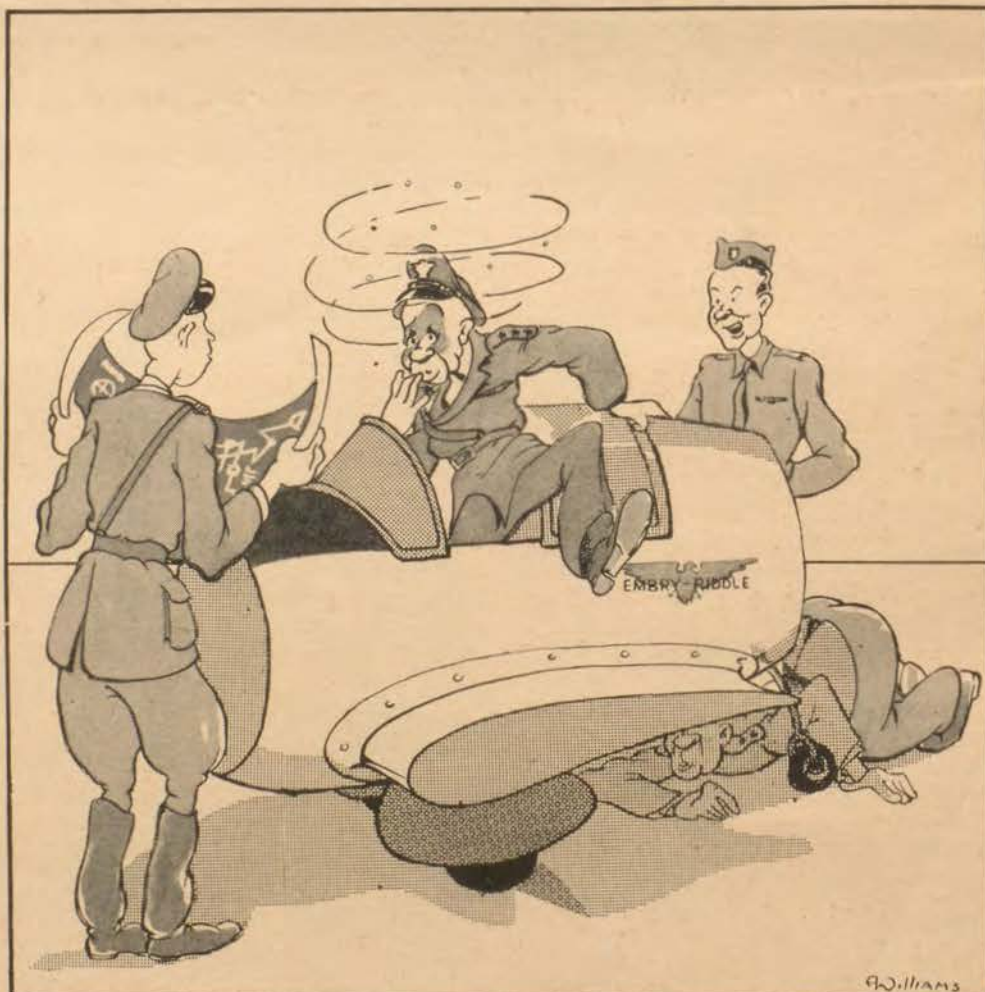
By the way, I hear that "Sky Club Bennie" at Tech School Stock Room is an authority on the way to become a Major-ette; so anyone interested may feel free to inquire.

In conclusion, I'd like to say that we enjoy the Fly Paper immensely. Please may we have our copy bright and early Friday?

I still remain,

Your Girl Friday

*Editor's Note: The Fly Paper comes off the presses about 10 a.m. Friday and is distributed around noon. So—Joan—we'll get your copies over to you immediately thereafter.*



**YUP! BURP, BEST TRAINER I EVER SAW!**





Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Johnny Potter, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Associate Editors

A very interesting, closely-contested swimming meet was held last Wednesday, with the defending Champions, Squadron 2, and the C and D Flight team from Squadron 4 tying for the championship, with 17 points each.

Squadron 4 (A and B Flights) was third with 9 points; then came Squadron 3 with 3 and Squadron 1 with 2. Three times during the meet the lead changed between the winners, with Squadron 2 winning the final event to gain the tie.

G. Willis Tyson, General Manager of Riddle Field, congratulated Captains Jamieson of Squadron 2 and Gwatkins of Squadron 4 for their teams' work and announced that both Squadrons would be listed on the Embry-Riddle swimming cup.

Squadron 1 entered its team with half of the Flight away on cross-countries, and the boys are to be congratulated for this fine showing.

Two new records were set when Steuer, Army Air Corps Cadet, swimming for Squadron 4 C and D Flights, clipped time off the previous marks in the back stroke and medley races. The complete results:

Two Lap Free Style—Jamieson (Sq. 2) first; Horne (Sq. 4 C. & D.) second; Clandillon (Sq. 3) third. Time, 28 1/5 seconds.

Two Lap Breast Stroke—Lumsden (Sq. 2) first; Kerr, J. L. (Sq. 1) second; Renshaw (Sq. 4 C. & D.) third. Time, 41 1/5 seconds.

Two Lap Back Stroke—Steuer (Sq. 4 A. & B.) first; Jamieson (Sq. 2) second; Lee (Sq. 4 C. & D.) third; Time, 37 2/5 seconds. *New record.*

Three Lap Medley Race—Steuer (Sq. 4 A. & B.) first; Gwatkins (Sq. 4 C. & D.)

second; Periera (Sq. 2) third. Time, 59 1/5 seconds. *New record.*

Free Style Relay Race—Squadron 4 (C. & D.) first (Lee, Gwatkins, Robinson and Horne); Squadron 2 second (Canaway, Jamieson, Hellwell, and West). Time, 58 4/5 seconds.

Fancy Diving—Miles (Sq. 4 A. & B.) first—234 points; Periera (Sq. 2) second—229 points; Gwatkins (Sq. 4 C. & D.)—224 points.

Tug of War — Won by Squadron 4 (C. & D.) who defeated Squadron 3 in the final pull. The members of the winning team were Renshaw, Lee, Gwatkins, Robinson, and Horne, while Johnston, Thatcher, Clandillon, Tattersall, and Clay were on the runnerup team.

Medley Relay Race—Squadron 2 (Jamieson, Lumsden and Periera) first; Squadron 4 (C. & D.) (Robinson, Gwatkins, and Horne) second. Time—1:40.

The following were the winners of the "funny" events that did not count toward the championship. Egg Race—Squadron 3 (Kent and Hatchwell) first; Squadron 4 (C. & D.) (Renshaw and Bain) second; Squadron 1 (Partridge and Campbell) third.

Flying Suit Relay Race—Squadron 4 (C. & D.) (Lee, Gwatkins, Robinson, and Horne) first; Squadron 4 (A. & B.) (Miles, Emmett, Hough, and Steuer) second; Squadron 3 (Johnston, Higgins, Clandillon, and Tattersall) third.

Diving Screwball—Wilson, Squadron 1 (doing an imitation of Hitler); Steuer, Squadron 4 (A. & B.) (doing the sleeper's dream dive), and Canaway, Squadron 2 (doing a drunk on the diving board) all tied for first place.

Following these events, a water polo match was played with Squadron 4 defeating a combination team from Squadrons 2 and 3, by a 2-1 count.

Acting as starters, judges, timers, etc. were W/C Prickett, Squadron Leader Hill, Lt. Ewart, General Manager Tyson, and P. T. Supervisor Hopkins.

The following cadets acted as stewards—Clanzy, Moody, Hanlon, Thomas, and Lazara.

#### Softball

The R.A.F. softball ten won a hard fought, overtime-battle with the United States Sugar Corporation team from Clewiston last Sunday afternoon at Riddle Field, by a 5 to 4 score.

The R.A.F. scored one in the first, but

the U.S.S.C. team slammed over three in the third and then added another in the fourth.

The locals then rallied for two in the sixth, tied the score with a single run in the seventh, and put the clincher across in the eighth. The score by innings:

U.S.S.C.	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	—4
R.A.F.	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	—5

Playing for the Visitors were Roland, Bell, Hare, Carlton, Akin, Crockett, Pontiff, Rider, Kelly, and Yeomans. On the Britishers lineup were Townsend, Reinhart, Kennedy, Clandillon, Higgins, Charlesworth, Bloomfield, Periera, Potter, Cox, and Hopkins.

#### Here and There

A fine study in photography is presented by our Photographer, Derrick Button of Squadron 2, in this issue. The other picture is that of Assistant Flight Commander Bob Richardson.

For the first time, No. 5 B.F.T.S. has brother cadets. In fact, they have been here



Snapped by Derrick Button

for some time, coming with Squadron 4; but we are just now getting around to reporting it (typical).

They are the Wilkinson brothers, James (19) and Joseph (22), hailing from Lancashire County in England.

Several of the Cadets here attended the Embry-Riddle Party at the Coral Gables Country Club last Saturday, and they report a very good time. They were especially pleased with the facilities for having a "darn good party".

Two rugby games and a touch football have been played this past week, and the results will be in the next issue.

All of us here are hoping that the Budge brothers will compliment us with another visit soon. The new Cadets are especially anxious to see them in action.

In the next edition, we are going to publish a cartoon about a certain Advanced Assistant Flight Commander, which has a very humorous angle—just wait and see.

#### News Flash

We have just received word that Joe Obermeyer, Chief Link Instructor, is married. Complete details will be announced in the next issue.



Assistant Flight Commander Bob Richardson



# Country Club Capers

by Lucille Valliere

Never let it be said that Embry-Riddle boys and girls don't know a good thing when they see it . . . By contrast with the week before last, when many of youse guys and gals either *forgot* or *ignored* the Country Club party, a goodly crowd turned out for last Saturday's fiesta.

By the way, even that slight moisture that suddenly descended from the starry heavens about 11:30 did not upset the general equilibrium one bit; for we were all cozily ensconced in the spacious interior of the club house.

## As Of Old . . .

A most attractive and delicious buffet supper of cold cuts, potato salad, turkey, hot rolls, and coffee was reminiscent of the good old "Deauville Days".

Chapman was well represented by Tom Moxley, Gloria Brown, Helyn and Davis Narrow, Cara Lee Cook, and D. W. Da-Ball. From the hilarity at their table, it seemed that much fun was had by all.

Adel Heiden and John Howard, who seem to be very much engrossed in nothing . . . but each other, were in the party with several Brazilian Naval officers who, after having missed our party last week, again returned to the fold.

Those in the party included Lt. Robert Freitas, Lt. Alvero Rocha, Lt. Jose de Oliveira, Lt. Charles Santos, Lt. Jose Burchama, Bunnie Bikle of Engine Overhaul, Lt. Edgar Fonseca, Lt. Ary G. Gomes, and yours truly.

## Stag Fashion

Fifth Floor Bachelors' Club members who showed up in stag fashion were: Henry Desjardins; Bill Silvera Anthony and Adolfo Sasco of Uruguay; Patrick Geoghagen of Argentina; and Dan Willig of Cincinnati.

Myllion and Phyllis Webster were there, and Ernest and Mitzi Culp. Jean and "Red" Duncan were there . . . but Jean was really the "Red" because she was decked out in bright "you-know-what" from head to foot.

## Who Wore What

Dottie Wells looked charming in a lovely soft blue suit. Anne Elrod came with Willie Rivas of Nicaragua, looking very sweet in pink dotted Swiss.

Adriano Ponso, prominent student-diplomat of the Fifth Floor, came in with Thelma Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Murray, and Mr. Carl F. Sahlin.

Those two dancers par excellence, Harry LeRoy and Maxine Bare, are becoming

regular attendants, we're pleased to report.

Syd and Tibby Burrows were in a party with Helen Dillard and her No. 1 young man, Lt. Jordan M. Pennoyer. Laurie and Charlie Ebbets were something of a surprise package, when they dropped in late in the evening.

Lt. Donald H. Williams and the pretty Mrs. Williams seem to enjoy our parties, for they were on hand again. We hope it will become a habit with them.

## "John Hancock" Requested

Well, there were scores of others, but they cannot be recorded because of lack of identification. We wish that more of you good people would sign the Guest Book on arrival.

Well, just to show you stay-aways that our parties are all the fun we say they are . . . Terry Thomas and Dick Clark, two RAF Cadets from Clewiston, telephoned long distance during the course of the evening to inquire who all was present, how things were going, and to say that they sure wished they'd been able to come down.

Of course, they'll be in the midst of the fun next Saturday, and we hope they bring some of their buddies along.

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



## All's Well for Welders!

Welders—welders—and still more welders. That's the call which comes from aircraft factories the country over.

With only a few weeks' training at the Government-accredited Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, you can be qualified to answer that call. Welding, riveting and metal workings are among the 41 different courses from which you can choose. Get all the facts and plan to build your career in Aviation, one of the fastest growing industries in the world.



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